A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley and other Poems

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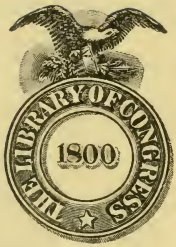
P. J. COLEMAN



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A MARTYR

OF THE

MOHAWK VALLEY

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

P. J. COLEMAN

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A HARP AEOLIAN.

Lord! let Thy spirit breathe on me,
  And I, a harp Aeolian,
Shall murmur with the praise of Thee
  And hymn Thy mercies unto man.

Sweep Thou the chords of life and thrill
  With lauds of Thee my spirit's lute,
To sing Thy love, to do Thy will;
  Or else let me be wholly mute!

A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

(FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S.J., THE MARTYR MISSIONARY OF THE MOHAWKS, SLAIN OCTOBER 18, 1646, AT THE INDIAN CASTLE OF OSSERNENON, NOW AURIESVILLE, ON THE MOHAWK.)

I.

THE sunset dwindles in the darkening West,
Empurpling shadows mantle hill and vale;
A soft light haloes Ossernenon's crest,
Where mounts the moonrise pale.

The land is lulled save for the night-owl's flight,
The torrent moaning in the deep ravine,
The multitudinous murmur of the night
From grass and forest green.

The palisaded village lies in peace,
The swarthy brave dreams not of war's alarms.
When shall I taste, O Jesu! sweet surcease
From sorrow in Thine arms?

When shall I find the solace that I seek?
For howsoe'er the spirit, Lord, be fain
To suffer for Thy sake, the flesh is weak
And, shuddering, shrinks from pain.

II.

Thou knowest, Lord, I have not scorned to bear
The bitter burden of Thy chastening cross,
Nor shirked of all that men hold sweet and dear
The sacrifice and loss:

Friends, fortune, fame, my country and my kin,
Ambition's dream, the beckoning hopes of youth,
To lead this nation from the night of sin
To the bright morn of truth.

So sweet it is to suffer for Thy sake,
So sweet to win one pagan soul to Thee,
One bondsman's chains of ignorance to break,
To set one captive free;

To lead one sinner to salvation's goal,
Tho' thrice ten thousand suffered sacrifice
Of life itself, of that one pagan soul
It were not worth the price.

III.

For this I sought the savage Iroquois;
For, so we rest, O Lord of love, in Thee,
Thy heart our home, Thy will our sovran law,
What matter where we be?

For this I've borne the torture and the stake,
  Stripes, hunger, hardship, nakedness and shame,
Rejoicing, Lord, to suffer for Thy sake
  And glorify Thy name.

Now, weak and worn, with torment torn and wreck'd,
  I hide within the shelter of Thine arm;
For Thou art still more powerful to protect
  Than savage foes to harm.

Nay, in the Martyr's death I would rejoice,
  My blood to Thee, O Christ! would freely give,
So these, the dusky children of my choice,
  To Thee in grace might live.

IV.

One golden day doth all my darkness pierce,
  One memory shineth starlike in my gloom—
The fires were lit, the Mohawk warriors fierce
  Pronounced on us the doom.

My captive comrades clomb the torture-stage;
  They knelt to sate the captors' wrath in blood,
One made a sign—an old man white with age—
  I saw and understood.

Beside him lay, to ease his hunger's pain,
A stalk of maize; sparse dewdrops hung thereon—
Bright gems wherewith to Thee from Satan's chain
His ransomed soul I won.

I poured the dewdrops from my hollowed hand
In rite baptismal on the Huron's head.
First Saint and Martyr of this pagan land,
His bright soul heavenward fled.

V.

The blood of martyrs is of faith the seed:
We've ploughed in grief, and sown with sigh and tear—
Lord, shall our Christian heroes vainly bleed,
Nor any fruit appear?

My René perished at the fortress gate;
The blow that felled him gave the martyr's crown.
Three days I hid me from the warriors' hate,
Then, darkling, left the town.

I laid him where the golden sunbeams slant
'Twixt willow bough and slender maple stem;
The torrent sings; the pines, in priestly chant,
Entone his requiem.

The ground whereon he poured his precious veins
Not fruitless, aye, nor fallow, Lord, shall be;
Such field, made fertile by such heavenly rains,
Shall blossom yet for Thee.

VI.

Forbid us, Lord, to question or repine!
Some day, when all the destined days are run,
The world shall know Thy purpose all divine.
Thy will, not ours, be done!

If seeming failure wait upon our toil,
To sow the seed be ours the chosen hand;
In Thy good time along the teeming soil
The harvest ripe shall stand.

Poor race of men! All flesh, we know, is grass
That grows to fall beneath the sickle's stroke.
The dusky warrior of the wild shall pass
Like his own wigwam's smoke—

Shall vanish like the vision of a dream
And only leave a memory and name
Where yonder winds his paradisal stream;
But Thou art aye the same.

VII.

The future dawns in glory on mine eyes—
  Tho' war shall waste and scorching vengeance scathe
Yon holy hill, upon it shall arise
  Bright sanctuaries of faith.

Yea! for in vision I have seen it crowned
  With pillared domes and alabaster piles;
And years unborn shall gird its holy ground
  With consecrated aisles.

When pensive twilight walks the valley sweet
  Where ringeth now the Indian's whoop and yell,
Oft shall the bells of Angelus repeat
  The words of Gabriel.

Yea! for while yonder smiling river runs
  By bloody trails Thy martyrs' feet have trod,
Thy children here shall chant their orisons
  To Thee, Eternal God!

VIII.

Lord! Thou art light in midnight's deepest dark,
  Refreshment cool in noonday's burning heat;
Thou'rt with me in my lodge of birchen bark,
  And straightway pain grows sweet.

We chased the deer when Autumn woods were red;
By flaming forests wound the tortuous trail;
At night I groaned upon my fevered bed;
My faith began to fail.

Sore throbbed my wounds; the stars shone thick above,
Like swarming fireflies in a field of maize.
I felt the healing comfort of Thy love,
And sang aloud Thy praise.

The warriors heard, they left the pipe and dance;
Like ghosts they gathered in the moonlight dim.
They knelt, the while I saw Thee, Lord, in trance,
And swelled the forest hymn.

IX.

Oft in the night when sings the whip-poor-will
And far away the gray wolf 'gins to bark,
Unseen I pass from Ossernenon's hill
And gain the forest dark.

There at the cross within that dim retreat—
The cross I carved upon the fragrant pine—
With Christ, my King, I hold communion sweet
In ecstasy divine.

Last night, methought I heard an angel choir,
I faring home, sing o'er the hill in flight;
And all its summit, lit with mystic fire,
Shone lamplike in the night.

So may it in the golden years to be
Amid a world of darkness brightly shine—
A lamp to lead the hearts of men to Thee
With light of faith divine!

X.

Yestreen the sachems murmured at debate;
They railed at Christ, His cross, my country, France.
The young men slew me with their eyes of hate,
The maidens looked askance.

To-day they bade me to the fatal feast;
Beside the threshold lurks the treacherous foe.
Have mercy, Lord, upon Thy faithful priest!
They call me, and I go.

Oh! is mine hour of manumission come?
And shall I lean, like John, upon Thy breast?
And wilt Thou call the weary captive home,
Forevermore to rest?

For their souls' sake I give my blood to Thee,
Nor at the last forsake me, sweetest Friend!
Into Thy hands, O Christ of Calvary!
My spirit I commend.

THE ROSE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE, "THE LAST TOKEN," BY GABRIEL MAX.)

Glory and praise to Christ, our Sovran King!
  Emparadised with them that bear the palm,
Before the Lord of Hosts I stand and sing
  For thee, Beloved mine, the victor's psalm.
In watches of the night serene and calm
  Thou knowest not I visit thee in sleep,
Thy spirit's wounds in poppied peace to balm
  When slumber sealeth weary eyes that weep.

Sweet was our home by Almo's placid streams,
  Thrice sweet the love of plighted maid and youth,
Twain hearts that ranged one realm of golden dreams,
  But sweeter, dearer far were Christ and truth.
Dear was the dream, aye, beautiful in sooth,
  Of that glad day that was to crown me bride,
Till came the Roman steeled to tears of ruth,
  And tore me thence, Beloved, from thy side.

But I rejoiced, albeit the pulse of life
  Ran virginal and rosy in my veins,
Nor now for ever might I call me wife,
  And on my vision rose the martyr's pains.

But welcome were the dungeon and its chains
For Him, who for our souls' redemption died.
For what were life and all its joys and gains
With treason to the Holy Crucified?

Before their priests and judges me they brought,
And there with bribe and threat alternate strove
From Peter's Christ to woo my virgin thought,
With "Incense to Diana and to Jove"!
I wavered when they spoke of wedded love,
For all my spirit's tenderness to thee
Ebbed in full flood, but steadfast still above
I fixed my faith on Christ of Calvary.

They flung me in the Mamertine. What then?
Have shackles power o'er spirit? Can they bind
The will, or earthward curb the souls of men?
Or cramp the subtle, immaterial mind?
Ah, no, for wild, and free as is the wind,
Yea, fetterless as wings of sea-birds are
Mine every thought, Beloved, fled to find
Thee in thine olive-nestled home afar.

One trial more, most terrible and last,
One test supreme and all was safely o'er.
Me, in my purpose rooted firm and fast,
The minions of the dread tribunal bore

To martyrdom. Beside the Tiber's shore,
Within the bloody Circus me they cast.
"The Christians to the lions"! roar on roar
The tumult mounted, and we stood aghast.

Imperial sport! 'Neath night's empurpled dome,
To glut them on her cruelty and shame,
From all her hills earth's haughty mistress, Rome,
Poured youth and sire, patrician, priest and dame.
With jesting scorn and laughter loud they came;
The dim arena echoed to their shout;
While shuddering maidens at the stakes aflame
Blazed all that angel-haunted gloom about.

From tier on tier out rang their rude applause
To see the virgin victims of their hate
Within the amphitheatre's bloody jaws.
A fiercer howl of rage infuriate!
The ravening lions bellowing at the gate!
Then silence, and again that savage roar!
The bolts are drawn—the lions leap to sate
Their maddening hunger on the Christians' gore.

As one adream I heard the strident jar,
The rattling bolt, the grating's iron clank,
The sullen growl, the clash of brazen bar;
Then, as against the wall aswoon I shrank

Beneath that host of faces rank on rank,
Down like a dove, from thy dear hand, my sweet,
From far above a red rose fluttering sank
And lay, love's fragrant token, at my feet.

One lightning glance, one lingering look of love
I flashed aloft and kissed thee over space;
For there, Beloved, leaning from above,
I glimpsed the pallid beauty of thy face.
For thou hadst come unto the cruel place,
Yea, followed me with tender love and true
And flung thy rose before the populace,
To prove thee Christ's, bathed in baptismal dew.

Then with a smile I rose and conquered death;
The struggle's o'er, the conflict past and done.
What matters now the lion's stifling breath?
The palm's attained, the golden halo won.
White-robed before the Father and the Son
I stand amid the choirs of martyrdom,
My love thy light on earth, beloved one!
Till to the heavenly bridal thou shalt come.

In watches of the night serene and calm
Thou knowest not I visit thee in sleep,
Thy spirit's wounds with poppied peace to balm,
When slumber sealeth weary eyes that weep.

Nor long hast thou earth's pilgrimage to keep;
But when thy soul shall cleave the stellar fires,
Oh, how my soul in ecstasy shall leap
To bid thee welcome to the heavenly choirs!

TO JOAN IN HEAVEN.

And all the priests and friars in the realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
. . . . . .
No longer on St. Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
—SHAKESPEARE, Henry VI, Act I, Scene 6.

The lips that curse to-day the hero's fall
To-morrow vote him laurels and applause;
Impartial Time doth justice unto all,
No blindfold goddess she, of erring laws.
Four hundred years of slander shrink dismayed
Beneath the shrivelling fervor of her glance,
And lo! with praise of thee, O shepherd maid!
Resound the stately sanctuaries of France.

For what is death, that men should fear to lose
The labored drawing of a little breath?
Or what is life, that coward men should choose
Its lease of pain before heroic death?
Thy country grovelled 'neath the tyrant's yoke,
The Vision called, the Heavenly voices spoke,
And faring forth without or doubt or pause
'Twas thine to crown with victory her cause.

Yet, oh, 'twas sweet amid the morning dews
To range a-forest with thy lambs and ewes;

To watch the punctual miracle of spring
And all the mystery of the blossoming
Of violets, and claim sweet sisterhood
With finch and linnet and the winged brood
Of tuneful things in old Domremy's wood;
Or, when the wind, musician weird, awoke
The pealing organs of the pine and oak,
There, awed in trance of reverence, to hear
The waft of angel pinions hovering near.
And sweeter far were distaff to thy hand
Than gauntlet or the grip of battle-brand,
And homelier were the feel of woven stuff
To thy soft breast than iron corselet rough.
But oh, when Conscience like a clarion spoke,
And on thy soul the voice of duty broke,
Obedient, in meek, unquestioning faith,
To rise and leave all these and march to death,
This—surely this—were sweet for country's sake;
Yea, welcome e'en the dungeon and the stake;
Or through the fierce Gethsemane of fire
To snatch the martyr's laurel from the pyre.
But oh, to fall and have his country doubt
  His innocence; or, worse,
When flash the flames, above his murderers' shout
  To catch his country's curse,
This is the patriot's crowning pang,
More poignant than the poisonous foeman's fang.

Yet not in vain
Didst thou the bitter dregs of anguish drain,
And pledge to Christ and France thy virgin veins.
Where now are grasping England's chains?
No smallest link upon thy land remains;
Gone with thy judges and thy murderers,
And *they* were hers.
Yea, many a cause and many a leader since
Have bowed the head to Death, the sov'reign prince.
And where they rose shall others yet arise
And with ephemeral fancies snare men's eyes
And have their little day and pass again.
New hours demand new men,
And wise is he indeed
Who sees and shapes new ends to meet new need.
But all shall be as grass of yesterday,
While France is greater far than they;
And France remains and suppliant seeks thine aid,
With hands outstretched to thee, O Martyr Maid!

For ancient feuds, old passions and old hates
Watch at her walls and prowl about her gates.
And deadlier foes and subtler shapes of sin
Lurk at her hearth and plot her ruin within.
Sons recreant, devising blight and curse,
With wiles insidious would her heart divorce

From all that made her glorious and great
And raised her to her proud estate—
From truth and honor, and her wise belief
In justice, of all virtues chief.
For, walking humbly in the eyes of God,
France aye held Empire's rod;
And kneeling, reverent, at Our Lady's feet
And drawing thence all heavenly virtue sweet,
France aye has been the France of high renown,
Sceptered with love and wearing honor's crown.

From that bright place of glory thou hast won,
Rapt in the vision of the Sire and Son,
In this dark hour that menaces thy land,
Above her hearthstones stretch protecting hand!
'Gainst impious men who forth from school and shrine
Would scourge thy Christ and in the fields of France
Would raze thy Christ's sweet empery divine,
Oh, gird thee now with new deliverance!
Thy virtues emulating and thy fame
By hearths that burn with Chastity's pure flame,
The maids and matrons of thy land beseech
Thee o'er their homes thy shield of love to reach.
For blest that land and armor'd against ill
Where civic virtues wait on woman's will,
Where reverent manhood worships wife or maid
Queen-like in holy purity arrayed.

She, fenced around by chivalry, perchance
May suffer, but she cannot suffer long,
Nor, wronged, be victim of enduring wrong.
Such happy land is France.
And, lifting high truth's oriflamme, behold
Her phalanx'd daughters, God-inspiréd, stand,
As thou 'gainst tyrant England didst of old,
To drive dishonor from their honored land.
And, patient long and kindling slow
To wrath, their hearts for Christ aglow,
About His altars menaced by the law,
At woman's 'hest her sons devoted draw.
While these love virtue, oh, she cannot fall,
Mother of Chivalry, beloved Gaul.

For not in spoil of sea or soil
Or ships on ocean waters
A nation thrives, but in the lives
Of noble sons and daughters.
While these shall last, in honor fast,
The happy land shall flourish;
Nor foes prevail, but when they fail
Then laws and peoples perish.

But thou above thine ancient land
Wilt stretch in patronage thy hand.
For howso'er disguised in snowy fleece,
Christ's watchdogs lulling into perilous peace,

The wolves of Hell upon Christ's fold would prey,
And shepherds false would lead astray
Christ's lambs in error's devious way,
The heart of France, as in her ardent youth,
Throbs still for Christ and Truth.
And from a thousand shrines thy people's love
Like incense rises to thy feet above,
Beseeching thee in humblest suppliance
To ward from harm thy France.

Thy country's sin, the insult and the shame,
The scaffold's doom, the faggot and the flame—
All these shall pass and be remembered not;
Fair Charity with kindly tears shall blot
From France's shield the black, corroding stain,
Caught from thy blood, O Lily of Lorraine!
Thy land, so fair, of life shall be bereft
Nor smallest trace be left
To after years to tell
That Freedom once had here her choicest citadel;
The hero's heart shall lose its thirst for fame
And truth be dead and virtue but a name,
Ere men shall cease to honor thee who gave
To France, to Liberty, to Truth—
In battle's bloodiest breaches undismayed,
'Neath insult meek, in persecution brave—
Thy love, thy life, thy stainless youth,
O Virgin, Patriot and Martyr Maid!

SHAMROCK TIME.

'Tis shamrock time, and the wild, wise swallow
Pursues the Summer on eager wing.
Now April woos them, and all things follow,
Take flight and follow the feet of Spring.
But we, in stranger lands sojourning,
Like fledglings far from their forest nest,
Are filled with mourning and wild heart-yearning
To the soft green isle of the golden west.
Oh, my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
His song of spring in my Irish home.

Earth's deep heart answers to-day with laughter,
But we, we only, nor laugh nor smile;
For we are fain to follow after
The wild wind winging unto our isle.
To-day down many a leafy alley
The whitethorn blossom is odorous;
O'er many a violet-purpled valley
The lark is singing, but not for us.
And my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,

As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
His song of Spring in my Irish home.

"Oh! fair," ye say, "was the land our mother;"
Her smile was sweet, but it was not ours;
We sowed the vineyard and vale, another
Sat as lord in her children's towers.
Her love was mild, but another claimed it;
They took the harvest, 'twas ours the toil;
Her name was fair, but her foes defamed it;
We ploughed, but a stranger held the soil.
Yet my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
His song of spring in my Irish home.

Small share have we in the stranger's city,
The scoff of scorn and the stony street,
There's never a kindly glance of pity,
Our tears embitter the bread we eat.
We sing no song, but in dreams we follow,
Take flight and follow, or bond or free,
The seaward sweep of the wild, wise swallow,

The west wind winging to lands o'er sea.
Oh, my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
The song of spring in my Irish home.

THE MENDICANT.

I met Him to-day in the wintry street,
The Christ on the cross who died,
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I blindly thrust Him aside.

Had He only come with the crown of thorn
And the nail-prints ruby-red;
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now and all in vain
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And muse, "Might He only come again
I'd pity His plea and ease His pain
And hearken unto His cry."

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth
The King in his robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in the mendicant
And I heeded not His cry.
Now Christ in His infinite mercy grant
That the prayer I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

THE DREAM OF COLOSSUS.

"*The highest practical ideal was to work for the unity of the English-speaking race, in order that, being united, it might extend over all the world the beneficent influence which 'this best of races' . . . . exercised for Justice, Liberty, and Peace among the inhabitants of this planet.*"—WILLIAM T. STEAD on CECIL JOHN RHODES.

"*The sacred duty of taking the responsibility of the still uncivilized parts of the world . . . . Portugal, Persia, even Spain . . . . and, of course, the whole of the South American Republics.*"—CECIL JOHN RHODES.

This is the hymn of the English race, rising up from the reeking veldt;
Be mute and listen, ye peoples base—Frank and Teuton and Slav and Celt!
This is the song of jubilee, chanted loud on the fields of war:
"High Priests of the Most High God are we, anointed to bear the light afar
Of the star that shone over Bethlehem to hail the birth of the Prince of Peace,
Who healing had in His garment's hem and brought of suffering sweet surcease!
We will not falter nor flinch nor fail in the task God set to our mighty hands
Till the tongue of the English race prevail and our empire girdle the heathen lands;

Till the flag of Trade and the truce of Love shall link
the nations of north and south,
And Peace alight like a brooding dove and build her
nest in the cannon's mouth."
And the guns re-echo the impious strain, and the wail
of the widow rises loud
Where the veldt is red with the battle's rain, where the
Tagal sleeps in his crimson shroud.
But the patient God refrains to smite, tho' the lurid
bolts of His anger glow
To leap through the purple deeps of night and shrivel
the race of man below.
For new gods reign of a newer creed, and the image
of Christ is in the dust,
And they preach new gospels of gain and greed, and
worship self with the rites of lust.
And Gold is lord of the market-place, and Hate sits
throned in the tyrant's heart,
And Justice veileth her virgin face and shrinks
abashed from the brawling mart.
And Mercy hideth in fens and caves, and vultures of
force and falsehood gnaw
The bones that whiten on freemen's graves; for
Wrong is master and Might is law.
But ye who grovel in dust and raise your idols false
in the street and mart,
Go! preach your gospel of blood and lust to the sensu-
alist's sordid heart!

Go forth in the cause of Bond and Stock; the weak
despoil in the holy name
Of the gentle Christ whom ye scourge and mock and
nail each day to the cross of shame.
Go! force your laws on the heathen blind in the name
of Him whom your lives blaspheme!
There are other Gods than your Saxon kind, there are
other dreams than your Saxon dream.

What prize we to-day of passionate Greece? A marble
torso, a temple's frieze.
She sleeps with the dead, but her lightning soul out-
leaps on the lips of Demosthenes.
Who careth now for the kings she quelled? From the
mind of man they are passed and gone,
But the world's true heart is captive yet to the classic
grace of her Parthenon.
Rome's spectre flits with the past's pale ghosts, but
her sun-like splendors ever shine
And we catch the tramp of her haughty hosts in the
golden thunder of Virgil's line.
Her sceptre proud of the seas shall pass, her empire
fade like a blown-out flame,
And England's glory shrink at last to the single star of
Shakespeare's name.
And her Kings shall fail and the towers they pile to
shrine their fame, and their names be hid

With the noteless monarchs who raised by Nile the
empty pride of the pyramid.
For the dead are dead and are soon forgot, but the
great deed lives, and the hero's name
And the poet's dream are the lamps of earth and star
the dusk of the years with flame.

Blind, blind! for profit your souls who pawn, and over
your lying ledgers gloze!
Ye see not the miracle of the dawn, the Godhead hid
in the heart of a rose.
O prince of commerce! O consol-king! O dividend-
despot! your pride shall pass
When the Lord shall come to the harvesting, and flesh
shall be to His scythe as grass.
When the trump of doom to His threshing-floor bids
the nations gather in shroud and sheet,
And the winds of His wrath in judgment roar, to win-
now the chaff from the golden wheat;
Then, then, O then, shall the simple heart and the peas-
ant's faith and the deed of love
Outshine your trophies of mine and mart, as jewels set
in God's crown above.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

In princely pomp, with cold disdainful pride
That scorned God's poor with loathing and with curse,
The Publican unto the Temple hied
And in God's treasure poured his golden purse.

One on the Temple's threshold begged for alms,
With "O Rabboni! Pity me, I pray!"
He heeded not, blind to the pleading palms,
And hard of heart went proudly on his way.

But to the Temple came in lowly guise
One who the Lord her length of days adored—
A widow meek, who stood with downcast eyes
And in God's name gave of her meager hoard.

"Mine offering poor deign, Master, to behold,
Unworthy of Thy majesty divine!
But, oh, were mine earth's jewels or its gold,
How gladly, Lord! my love would make it thine!"

"Tho' scant my store, the poor of it partake;
For Thee I give them of my humble fare.
Tho' pinched my lot, yet Master, for Thy sake
With them that thirst my water-cup I share!"

Then, lo! a voice from heaven that seemed to drift
Whispered anear, "God's blessing on thy mite!
'Tis love, not worth, that consecrates the gift
And makes it precious in the Master's sight!"

"Since thou hast given unto God above,
Thy guerdon shall be great a hundred-fold.
The pittance, proffered in the name of Love,
In His just scales, outweighs earth's pompous gold!"

JOUBERT.

(MARCH 27, 1900.)

"Felix opportunitate mortis."

O patriot, happy in thine hour of death!
Rest, richly laurelled from thy battles won,
Who back to God hast given thy virile breath,
Thy task achieved, thy work of warrior done!

Long hence when Honor calls her mighty roll
Thine shall be Fame's imperishable wreath!
Thy name shall burn, a star, upon her scroll,
When red with rust thy sword shall sleep in sheath.

Rest heart heroic! Glory guards thy tomb
By tears of love to Freedom consecrate,
Ajax! who 'mid thy country's gathering gloom
Didst brave the lightnings of the tyrant's hate!

Majuba lifts thy monument in air,
For English eyes to mark the fatal day
Writ red in blood, when in his craggy lair
The lion of the Transvaal stood at bay.

Thy patriot prowess Eland's lake enshrines,
Colenso, too, drenched with the battle's rain,
Where Britain broke against thy burgher lines
Till Tugela ran swollen with her slain.

But now the terror flames in farm and field,
The sword of rapine ravages thy plains.
Up, up! thy country calls on thee to shield
Her children from the foul invaders' chains.

Thou wilt not answer, tho' she shriek aloud
'Neath wrongs to make thy veins with lava surge;
Tho' over murdered Freedom's ghastly shroud
With broken heart she wails her bitter dirge.

Sleep on, sleep on! since thee no chains may curb,
Nor foe invade thy peace inviolate,
Nor tryant fret, nor bitter tears disturb
Of heroes weeping for their country's fate.

For blest is he whoso in honored grave,
In strenuous battle stricken for the right,
Escapes the lot ignoble of a slave
Nor feels the yoke of proud, usurping might.

Him, having done his manhood's knightly part,
Death cannot touch nor the oblivious years;
He lives forever in his country's heart
Crowned with the grateful tribute of her tears.

Thine are the laurels of Leonidas,
Of Tell and Emmet, Washington and Bruce;
Time shall not blight them till earth's tyrants pass,
And love shall link the lands in golden truce.

Thy deeds shall live, the nations' heritage,
Wherever clanks a helot in his chain,
Till Peace reborn in some Saturnian age
Shall smile on Freedom's universal reign.

OFF PICKET.

Hark! silver and shrilly the bugles have blown!
"Lights out!" is the warning; there's peace in the camp.
The jungle is stilly, the lad is alone;
On picket till morning he sentries the swamp.

Youth, valor and beauty unite in his face,
His courage is steady, his heart it is pure.
Death waiteth on duty; he stands to his place;
His rifle is ready, his vigilance sure.

What sees he? His mother afar o'er the foam?
Or doth for a sister that dew dim his eye?
To these—and another—his heart has fled home;
She wept when he kissed her and whispered good-bye.

With her he is roaming in fancy again
Where blooms the blue aster and ripples the stream.
Ah, maid in the gloaming, thy tryst is in vain!
War bringeth disaster to many a dream.

What hides in the bushes? What lurks in the brake?
Death creeps through the thicket, the foeman is nigh!
His crimson blood gushes where hisses the snake;
The lad is off picket, his face to the sky.

A SPRING-TIME PRAYER.

Once more upon the threshold of the year
In virgin beauty May the maiden stands;
We know her well—her blended smile and tear,
Her girlish grace and blossom-laden hands.

Once more with dryad fingers she unseals
The volumed sweetness of the reddening rose;
Once more unto her whisper, as she steals
By glade and glen, the daisy's eyes unclose.

Again, released from fetters of the frost,
In sylvan haunts the violet appears.
I see it with a sense of something lost,
A poignant sadness kindred unto tears.

The tender leaves the maple's height o'erspread;
With skyward yearning bud and blossom grope.
Where is my boyhood's keen, fresh joyance fled,
My youth's pure aspiration and its hope?

The withered rose, if healthy at the root,
Will wake again in spring's reviving rain,
But once time blights the spirit's tender shoot
No vernal magic bids it bloom again.

Lord, bring me back the spring-time of the soul,
The pure fresh joyance of mine April prime,
That so my life, like withered branch and bole,
May take new leaf of love and hope sublime.

THE MADONNA OF THE ANGEL.

A Florentine Legend.

"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!* Praise eterne to God the Son!"
Sighed the young Bartolommeo as the golden eve came on.
All day long, with brush and pencil, lighted by a starry thought,
In the dim cathedral chancel at his easel had he wrought,
Till the gracious dream of beauty that had lain within his heart,
Imaged forth in loving duty, grew to life beneath his art.
And her vision'd form and feature from the glowing canvas smiled—
God's sole, sinless-hearted creature, holy Mary, undefiled.
But he fain would add new splendor, add new glory and new grace,
With a touch more true and tender, to the sweet Madonna face.
Therefore, ill at ease and weary, on his pallet down he lay,
Dreaming of the Virgin Mary, and he slept till dawn of day.

But a mystic glory kindles in the darkness of the night,
And the mellow moonlight dwindles in the blinding burst of light.
Arch and altar beam and brighten and a sudden splendor falls,
As a meteor might lighten, o'er the sanctuary walls.
And with radiant raiment streaming like a ruddy flame of gold
O'er the artist softly dreaming stands an angel aureoled.
Like unto the sun his face is, o'er Our Lady's picture bent,
As her nimbus'd hair he traces forth in colors heaven-blent.
Fresh from gazing on the vision of her loveliness divine,
Where in lilied fields Elysian at her feet the seraphs shine,
There he paints in burning rapture Mary's majesty supreme
That the dreamer fain would capture from the fervor of his dream;
Bids the canvas bloom and burgeon, for the joy of mortal eyes,
With the beauty of the Virgin—Mystic Rose of Paradise.

But his face grows dim and dimmer and the light angelic wanes,
As the gold dawn 'gins to glimmer on the blazoned chancel panes.
And the young Bartolommeo softly murmurs in his sleep:
"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!*" And the morn doth upward leap.

Then he woke, and lo! the vision of the loveliness he dreamed,
Like an angel face Elysian, on the canvas o'er him gleamed.
And like unto one in trance he gazed upon the features faint
That had cheated well his fancy and he fondly fain would paint.
Humbly on his knees adoring knelt he at Our Lady's shrine,
All his soul enraptured poring on her majesty divine,
All his heart in flame ascending to the smiling face above,
In its purity transcending human thought or human love.
Very sweet it was and tender, with a paradisal grace,
And a most ecstatic splendor such as angel's hand might trace.

And it lights the dusky chancel in old Florence to this day,
Painted of no earthly pencil. There the pilgrims come to pray,
Bannered all in proud procession, with their canticles of love,
Seeking Mary's intercession with her mighty Son above.
For, as once at Cana's wedding wrought He wonders for her, still
Through her hands His graces shedding, doth He love to do her will.
And whoso in simple honor with a little child's delight
Looks with reverence upon her findeth favor in His sight.

"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!* Praise eterne to Mary's Son!"
Smiled the young Bartolommeo, when he saw his work well done.

MUSTERED OUT.

Martial drum and thrilling fife
  Called them to the field of duty;
In their cheeks the rose of life
  Reddened in its April beauty.
Rolled the volumed cheer along;
  Flag and banner gaily flaunted;
Roaring street and shouting throng
  Hailed their hero hosts undaunted.

Glory beckoned down the years;
  Hope was high and courage throbbing—
Ah, the laughter quenched in tears,
  And the lips in secret sobbing!
Ah, the lonely lives they left
  In the tumult of the city!
Ah, the breaking hearts bereft
  Of their tenderness and pity!

Mother, listening for the drum
  That shall thunder his returning,
Watch no more! He will not come,
  Though thy heart be sore with yearning.
Death hath dulled thy soldier's ears,
  Where the palm in verdure palls him,
To the drip of falling tears
  And thy loving voice that calls him.

Winsome maiden, wan with wist,
When the sunset shadows hover,
Never at the twilight tryst
Shalt thou meet again thy lover!
Only in the night when streams
Pearly moonlight on thy pillow,
Will he come to thee in dreams
From his grave beyond the billow.

Weeping widow, patient wife,
Baby with thy loving prattle,
He is mustered out of life,
Done with bivouac and battle.
Gallant husband, father fond,
Him no more shall bugle rally;
God hath beckoned him beyond
War's red field and grief's dark valley.

Oh, may Peace, that on the blast
Earthward spreads her angel pinion,
Fix 'gainst vain ambition fast
In our hearts love's sweet dominion!
May she sheathe the sword in rust,
Wreathe the cannon's mouth in roses,
While our tears bedew the dust
Where each hero heart reposes!

TO THE SEA-WIND.

Wind! that from the golden orient, through the gates
of morning wingest!
O'er the foam-flowered, green sea-meadows thou
hast journeyed many a mile.
From my native Irish valley, oh! what is the news
thou bringest?
For I know that thou hast lingered in mine own
beloved Isle!

In the haunted hush of twilight, by the dim, dark-
flowing river,
Does the thrush still warble darkling through the
weird, enchanted hours?
In the fields, where with my comrades, oh! 'twere
sweet to play forever!
Are there any wills as wayward, any hearts as hot
as ours?

Has the heather, O my sea-wind! half the crimson of
my childhood?
Does the sky-lark sing as madly as he used to sing
of old?
Is the same soft hue of heaven on the blue-bells in the
wildwood?
In the lake's long rippling shallows have the butter-
cups such gold?

Are the hills as green as ever? Do the sunshine and the shadow
Chase each other, alternating, on the fields of golden corn?
Does the west-wind, as it used to, dance across the rippling meadow?
Do the fairies sport at sunset 'neath the lonely fairy-thorn?

And the gray old cloister corner, where the shamrock and the grasses
Softly fold my dear, dead mother, and the hush is very deep,
Surely thou hast heard God's angels singing there their requiem masses,
For the heart of kindred beauty 'neath the violets asleep?

Ah, the tears bedew mine eyelids and I cannot see for weeping,
For thou bringest me, O sea-wind! tender memories of home.
God be with the dear old country where the sainted dead are sleeping,
God be with the shamrock island far away across the foam!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Set her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the cannon's breath,
Her who went with the nation's men into the valley of death,
Her who down to the smoke and guns went like the bride of Christ,
Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's holy tryst.

Saintly and sweet and fair to see, womanhood's queenliest queen,
Crowned with the gems of purity, modest and mild of mien—
Leaders and lords of the nation's ranks, men of the slaying sword,
Have office and pay and the nation's thanks, but she hath never a word.

She who knelt in the battle's hell, calm 'mid the raging strife,
Bending low where our heroes fell, stanching their ebbing life,
Whispering texts of peace and love, comforting words of light,
Pointing the way to heaven above to the spirit plumed for flight.

Ribbons and honors of senates and kings, medal and bar and cross,
What are they all but worthless things? what are they all but dross?
Time shall dim them and rust shall wear. She like an angel stands,
The proudest badge that man could bear, the crucifix, in her hands.

They are sordid things that are bought and sold and measured by yard and scale,
They are vulgar things that are weighed by gold and bartered at price and sale;
Could love be had in the market place, then love were love no more,
But a thing of traffic, the bargain base of chaffering shop and store.

God calleth a man His cause to aid in strenuous hours of need;
The heart of the coward shrinks dismayed, but the hero's heart doth bleed.
We give him a golden gaud for meed, or a star on his breast to shine;
Does the medal repay the hero's deed? Nay, for the deed was divine.

Honor and truth are things above the value of merchandise;
Justice and mercy and faith and love, they cannot be bought for price.
Love giveth and seeketh no reward, it taketh no heed of loss—
She gave her love for the sake of the Lord who died for man on the Cross.

"An ye do it unto the least of these ye do it to Me," He said,
And the maiden rose from her life of ease and went where the Master led.
Into the flame of the lurid guns hastened the bride of Christ,
Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's noble tryst.

Set her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the cannon's breath,
Her who went with the nation's men into the valley of death.
Leaders and lords have honors to wear—She like an angel stands,
The proudest badge that man could bear, the crucifix, in her hands.

THE PASCHAL JOY.

From orient skies the sun of Easter flashes
  And lights the Cross on Calvary's summit dim.
Put off, my soul, thy penitential ashes
  And join the Paschal hymn!

Melodious echoes of the sweet evangel
  Of man redeemed from death by Love, the King,
Chanted of old by choiring saint and angel
  The winds of April bring.

"Awake! awake! The Crucified is risen!
  The darkness dies; the shades of sin depart.
The Lord of Life hath vanquished Death's dark prison
  And broken Death's grim dart."

Exultant ocean with symphonic voices
  From all its deeps its diapason pours,
And, organ-like, touched by the storm, rejoices
  Around earth's ransomed shores.

Awaking earth leans listening ear to capture
  That song sublime, and lo! in reddening rose
And efflorescence manifold the rapture
  From her full heart o'erflows.

The hawthorn hears and like a timid vestal
In bridal blossom veils her verdurous brow.
The emulous orchard, rich in raiment festal,
Bejewels every bough.

In reverence before its risen Master,
Where censers smoke and perfumed vapor drifts,
Its frosted vase of flawless alabaster
The fragile lily lifts.

So may our prayers, like fragrant incense blending,
Waft to His throne love's breath divinely sweet,
And may our hearts, like lilies lowly bending,
Find favor at His feet!

IN MEMORIAM.

SARA TRAINER SMITH—DIED MAY 4, 1899.

Dead at the coming of the rose and leaf!
  Fled, and I have not any tears to weep!
Why should we trouble her deep rest with grief,
  Since God hath given His beloved sleep?

Dead! and the days without her smile are dark!
  Fled, when the lilac branch was blossom-flushed!
How can I list to any song of lark,
  Since her dear voice forevermore is hushed?

Hushed? Nay, it rises in sublimer strain,
  With sister saints who swell the joyous hymn,
Where parting is not, neither grief nor pain,
  Nor any eyes with blinding tears are dim.

Her soul hath clomb God's starry ways aloft,
  But earth! of whose sweet flowers she was a part,
Hide her dear dust in blossoms deep and soft,
  And fold her very gently to thy heart!

Take her, O flowers! who was of kindred birth;
  Ah! though she reigneth with the pure and just,
Green be her grave in thy soft keeping, earth!
  And sweet with earliest roses be her dust!

FRAGMENT.

Butterfly blown on the breeze,
  Brown bee robbing the roses,
Little bird high in the trees,
To me your beauty discloses
More than the head or hand
Hath power to understand,
That only the heart can feel,
But the tongue is vain to reveal.

Little star up in the sky,
  Little flower down on the sod,
I love you because you cry
  To my listening heart of God.

AFIELD.

Trouble hence and care begone!
This rich hour I call mine own,
Here where Nature's lips to man
Murmur of the Maker's plan.

Want and woe their burdens lift,
I am with my soul adrift
Where the buccaneering bees
Plunder my flow'r-argosies.

With her vague, illusive smile
Down yon leafy forest aisle
Spring allures me, gone ere seen,
Vanishing in coverts green.

Tracing her in mead or lawn,
Who the holy veil hath drawn
From her sacred mysteries,
Hid from sacrilegious eyes?

Of thy knowledge, say, my heart,
By what thought-transcending art
She fulfils her mighty task!
Ah! 'tis vain to seek or ask.

Solve me in what magic crypt
In old necromancy dipt,
Do the craftsmen of the wold
Forge the lily's crown of gold!

Of what mystic alchemy
Comes the sweet anemone;
How the spirits of the breeze
Weave the wood's rich tapestries:

By what wisdom doth the flower
Know its heaven-appointed hour,
Wakes and wisely thrusteth up
To the dew its dainty cup:

Working by what weird device
Doth the bird, with instinct nice,
Build such pensile house in air
As is shrewdest man's despair.

Peace! to what a petty span
Shrinks the straitened mind of man,
Musing here, where Nature's law
Worketh wondrous things of awe.

Sense or reason strive in vain
These to compass or explain.
Faith alone can here discern
Wisdom, ancient and eterne.

Yea! the lowliest weeds declare,
Trumpet-tongued, the sleepless care
Of the Providence whose love
Watches o'er us from above.

COELI ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI.

As a chaste nun delectable,
  Who, keeping virgin vigils pale,
Her beaded rosary doth tell
  Before the lonely chancel rail,

In Thy vast heaven's templed gloom
  Kneels Night, the vestal, when the stars
Their vesper lamps, O God, relume,
  Before Thy tabernacle bars.

The bolts of darkness are withdrawn,
  The cloudy portals open fly;
Thy sanctuary of the dawn
  Shines out resplendent in the sky.

Then, beautiful and aureoled,
  Lo! Morning, Thine anointed priest,
Flame-chasubled in red and gold,
  Ascends the altar of the East.

The world in adoration kneels;
  Creation's heart in awe adores;
The organ of the ocean peals
  Its solemn anthem on its shores.

Men may blaspheme Thy hallowed Name;
  But, till the latest hour of time,
Night shall Thy glory, God, proclaim,
  And Day, Thy majesty sublime.

NOON.

Like one that at late revel hath caroused,
  Or of some poppied cordial hath quaffed
Soul-stupor strong, lethean slumber deep,
  Earth lies adream; so stilly is she drowsed,
Methinks that she with hot lips, at one draught,
  Unto the dregs hath drained the cup of sleep.

With wailing drone the bees above her pass;
  The faint wind spills its vase of perfume sweet
Filched from the rosy pleasances of June.
  The garrulous cricket gossips in the grass,
The chattering locust chirrups of the heat,
  But all so soft they will not break her swoon.

SUNSET.

Where day and night wed in the west, behold
What city sparkles 'mid a sea of gold,
Where no wind wafteth sails of any ships,
And no keel comes, nor any sea-bird dips!

Thus often we, with prescient eyes of faith,
Have golden glimpses past the bourne of death,
Where on the shore of time's remotest sea
Sparkle the turrets of eternity.

THERMOPYLÆ TO SPION KOP.

A voice of thunder o'er the echoing years!
  Thermopylæ to Spion Kop—a voice
Wherein, meseems, clang battle shields and spears,
  Bronze trumpets peal and laurelled ranks rejoice:
"We are immortal in the mouths of men;
  With reeking slaughter smoked my purple pass
When Sparta's lions held their bloody den
  And Persia's dead lay thick as scythéd grass.
With rite heroic late I saw thee steam,
  When on thy crags thy sons embattled stood;
An altar thou of sacrifice supreme,
  For sweet to Freedom smells the patriot's blood.'

A chant of joy across the gulf of time!
  Hark, Marathon to Modder calleth out—
A chant wherein blend victor-hymns sublime
  With pæan shrill and host's exultant shout:
"On glory's page our names are blazoned red,
  Time shall not blot them nor the hand of fate,
In blood baptismal of our happy dead
  Alike to love and Freedom consecrate.
We breathe our inspiration on the brave,
  The weak from us shall gather hope divine,
And tyrants curse us, for the patriot's grave
  Is Freedom's holiest citadel and shrine."

THE RIFLES OF DE WET.

To saddle, boys! The Saxons come
With screeching fife and rolling drum.
They're in the pass: now Hans, my son,
Let speak yon captured British gun!
It roars! O heaven, what a voice
To make the burgher's heart rejoice!
Again, again! Now, boot and spur,
God speed thee, gallant Kitchener!
  Hurrah, hurrah! De Wet! De Wet!
  We'll pay them back our country's debt.
    The gold hussar
    He flies afar
  When ring the rifles of De Wet.

French guards the ford; his squadrons bright
Shall sup with us in camp to-night.
Knox rides our trail; ere rise of moon
We'll have them, lancer and dragoon.
Our saddle bags are choked with cheer
For Gordon bold and grenadier.
His heart is large—bless Johann Bull
Who keeps our commissary full!
  Hurrah for freedom's friend, De Wet!
  Their robber raids the foe regret
    When on them dash
    With rifles' flash
  The thunderous horsemen of De Wet!

Tho' Cronje in his island cage
Consumes his heart in silent rage;
Tho' gone is great Mareuil the brave
And gallant Joubert's in his grave,
De Wet is in the saddle still,
His burghers ride by kop and hill,
And many a Rooinek shall fall
Ere thou shalt perish, my Transvaal!
Hurrah, hurrah! De Wet! De Wet!
Where now is Britain's bayonet?
The kilted Gael
He well may quail
When ring the rifles of De Wet!

In Bloemfontein the foe encamp,
In Kimberley his chargers champ,
Pretoria is in his power,
His lion ramps o'er roof and tower,
But while remains one kop or crag
To lift aloft our country's flag
Ringed round with scorching rifle flame,
Their hireling hosts we'll put to shame.
Hurrah for freedom's Knight, De Wet!
The vultures of the veldt may whet
Their bloody beaks
On Biggar's peaks
When ring the rifles of De Wet!

THE CRICKET.

Blithe minstrel at the door of June,
  On golden hinges swung ajar,
That pipest there thy vesper tune
  Beneath the moon and evening star!
When into darkness melts the light,
  And sweetest throats of song are mute,
'Tis chirrup! chirrup! all the night,
  Upon thy fairy-fingered lute.

When morning's torch illumes the dark,
  And dewdrops fill the violet's cup,
The silver-throated thrush and lark
  God's matin-hymn of praise take up.
But when is lulled the woodland choir
  And drowzy bats begin to flit,
'Tis then upon thine elfin lyre,
  Gay troubadour! thou twangest it.

Sing cheerily, O blithe of heart!
  Pipe on thy message unto man!
The humblest life hath some due part
  To play in God's allotted plan.
Some chant His glory thunder-loud,
  Some breathe it in a whisper small,
But high or humble, poor or proud,
  He heedeth all and needeth all.

WHAT ANSWER?

A million plumes are tossing in the grass,
  The dandelions lift their shields of gold;
Is it the fairy chivalry that pass
  To tourney with the spirits of the wold?

Nay, each within himself the answer hath,
  And reads the riddle as his mood may chance.
One paces, purblind, in a barren path,
  One finds th' enchanted meadows of romance.

GHOSTS.

Loud o'er the sough of the sea
And the sigh and sob of the rain,
The wind, like a ghost
Or a soul that is lost,
Wails at the window-pane.

Loud o'er life's care and fret,
The past to the present calls,
And the hot tears rise
To memory's eyes,
As she walks in its haunted halls.

Ah, the dreams and hopes that died!
And the wistful eyes that weep!
Ah, the ghosts that start
From the grave of the heart
In the silent hour of sleep.

HIC JACET.

Upon a stone with lichens gray,
'Mid mossy marbles of the dead,
A wild rose weeps itself away
In crimson tears and kisses red.

The beech upon it rains in gold;
A brier wantons over it,
And some old sculptor-hand hath scroll'd
Its brief *Hic Jacet,* quaintly writ.

But if or beauty, age or youth
Be pillowed in the green below;
Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth,
Or babe or bride, we may not know.

Or if in life's allotted span,
Who slumbers here knew aught of love,
That, hopeless, wastes the heart of man;
Or felt the gnawing pain thereof;

What stern caprice of circumstance
O'ertook him, or what fate befell;
What lifting wave of lucky chance,
Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years,
In shine or shadow, peace or strife:
Let laughter be our lot, or tears,
Hic Jacet is the sum of life.

CHANGE.

To-night the sea intones a sullen dirge,
  Wringing white hands of foam o'er wasted ships;
Another moon, in sportive mood its surge
  Will laugh and sing like any lover's lips.

To-night, o'er wrecks of ruined hopes, thy voice
  Takes on a mourner's tone, O sobbing heart!
To-morrow thou 'lt forget it and rejoice.
  Through storm and calm most like the sea thou art!

THE FESTIVAL OF BLOOD,

October 18th.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

Where stole the Indian's swift canoe,
Of old along the Mohawk's stream,
'Neath sad October's skies of blue
The heights of Ossernenon dream.

The purple pageant of the field,
The scarlet pomp of vale and wood,
Recall the saints to Christ who sealed
The land in crimson of their blood.

God's heroes here, unknown to fame,
Reaped harvests rich of savage souls;
They died 'neath tomahawk and flame,
And won the martyrs' aureoles.

For Christ they spurned earth's golden dross,
Earth's honors and its empty gain;
For Christ they bore the bitter cross
And clomb His Golgotha of pain.

In deeds, by hands of angels scrolled,
Their glorious chronicle is writ,
Where Autumn leaves have hid in gold
The footprints of the Jesuit.

Still memories of Isaac haunt
The forest, vocal of his fame;
The rapids of the river chant,
The ripples murmur René's name.

And, in the twilight of the year,
When Autumn leaves are sere and shed,
The sumachs and the maples wear
The martyrs' livery of red.

The soft breeze swings above the sod
The perfumed censers of the pine;
The tapers of the golden-rod
Are kindled in their forest-shrine.

Its miserere moans the wind,
And sacerdotal glade and wood
In chasubles incarnadined
Observe their festival of blood.

HARVEST HOME.

When boughs are burdened with fruitage ripe
And vines are red on the village eaves,
On cart and wain comes the garnered grain
From tilths ateem with their golden sheaves.
Then at the door of the granary-floor
The children peer, where the threshers pant
In a swinking row, with cheeks aglow,
As they swing their flails with a merry chant.
For it's high and low
The flails, they go,
Sifting the grain from the empty husk,
With rhythmic beat
On the yellow wheat,
Till glow the lamps in the golden dusk.

Oh, glad to the heart of the harvester
Is the gift divine of the kingly corn;
With prayer and hopes, on the barren slopes
He sowed the seed, when the spring was born.
God sent it dew and sun and it grew,
More precious by far than minted ore;
Its furrows above larks sang of love,
But now it lies on the threshing-floor.
And it's ho! they pant
To the rhythmic chant

Of flails that winnow the worthless chaff.
When hearths are bright
In the winter's night,
At their laden tables it's loud they'll laugh.

The noon was hot, when the reapers went
To gather it under the scorching sun;
To sickle and hook fell sheaf and stook,
But now they're merry, for work is done.
With brows of bronze the hamlet's sons
Laughing around the wagon come,
And red-cheeked girls with opulent curls,
Singing their happy harvest-home.
And it's oh, ho! ho!
The flails, they go,
Sifting the grain from the empty husk,
With rhythmic beat
On the yellow wheat,
Till glow the lamps in the golden dusk.

What nights shall be in the winter time,
When apples splutter upon the hearth,
And the purple juice of the vat runs loose
On lips that echo to jovial mirth!
Oh, a royal thing is the crown of a king,
And a scepter, they say, is a sign of worth;
For their boasts a fig! the hands that dig

And delve are the hands that rule the earth.
And it's ho! they pant
To the rhythmic chant
Of flails that winnow the worthless chaff.
When hearths are bright
In the winter's night,
At their teeming tables it's loud they'll laugh.

AUTUMNAL.

The year hath reached its vesper hour, and soon
  Shall mourn our Northland orphan'd of her flowers,
And all the spendthrift opulence of June
  Be as a memory of dreaming hours.
For all things pass; joy's rosy hour is brief,
And youth and beauty wither like the leaf.

Cathedral-like, yon gorgeous forest gleams
  With Gothic glories; credulous fancy paints—
As in a chancel where the sunset streams
  Through blazonry of gold and crimson saints—
Tall windows bright with shapes of Paradise
And martyrs raimented in rainbow dyes.

What artist ever blended tones so rich,
  What minster walls e'er bore such heavenly tints
As these from palette faëry with which
  Her flaming frescoes wizard Autumn prints
On sylvan wall and foliage-woven ceil
And vaulted boughs of ruby and vermeil?

Beyond its threshold, lo! what vistas dim
  Of slender shaft and shadowy colonnade!
What daedal floors that show 'twixt columns slim
  Mosaics quaint inwrought of sun and shade!
And acolyte-like, at its golden porch
One frost-touched maple lifts a flaming torch.

With reverent feet we win its sacred peace;
The heart forgets its suffering and pain.
Here comfort dwells and bids old sorrow cease;
The oak sheds healing and the beeches rain
A druid balm, a dryad influence,
In benediction on the soul and sense.

'Tis holy ground, for here may naught more rude
Than robin's rapture break the brooding calm.
And hark! how softly on the solitude
Swelleth the chant of nature's evening psalm,
As in a church, when twilight gowned in gray
Steals forth amid its glimmering aisles to pray.

And as a vestal at a lighted shrine,
Or maiden meek on meditative knees,
That museth on some mystery divine
Of white thoughts weaving love's dear rosaries,
So, nun-like, from the leaf-engoldened sod
The gentian lifts its sweet blue eyes to God.

And if sad Autumn hath no choristers,
No fluting thrush nor mellow-throated lark,
The cricket and cicada shrill are hers—
Blithe minstrels of the waning days—and, hark!
What piping Pan woos music from the mere
Where in the wind the tall reeds rustle sere!

But holier and more solemn harmonies
  Are hers when peal her forest organs strong,
And, touched by tempest, all her deep-voiced trees
  Exult in pæans of majestic song:
When smites the storm his thunderous harp and flings
Joy's diapason from his shuddering strings.

But ah, too soon, shall Winter with chill breath
  Quench all her lights—snow-bearded sacristan.
Yet beautiful is Autumn in her death
  And sweet the message that she hath for man:
E'en so to live that God, when life shall cease,
May find us full of beauty and of peace.

O grant us, Lord! that, as the dying year
  Spring's resurrection sees beyond the gloom,
We, too, shall lay us down upon the bier,
  Glimpsing beyond the portals of the tomb
The resurrection and the blossoming
That 'wait us in Thy love's eternal spring.

THE SWALLOWS.

When nips the frost and falls the leaf
  And forest paths are deep in gold;
When light grows briefer and more brief
And in the barn is housed the sheaf;
  'Tis then the swallows from the cold
Prepare to seek a sunnier clime
Where blooms the palm, untouched by rime.

They leave behind the northern land
  Where Ceres counts her golden sheaves;
On plumes that southern winds have fanned,
For Carib isle and coral strand
  They gather from our village eaves,
And, led divinely, win their home
Where purple seas of summer foam.

We, too, have seasons; smiles and grief
  Alternate rule us, pleasure flies,
Joy, like the rose of June, is brief
And crumbles earthward leaf by leaf,
  And lonely 'neath life's autumn skies
We stand and watch with aching heart
Our wingèd hopes and dreams depart.

'Tis Heaven that sends our days of rime,
For, chastened by the things of earth,
The soul recalls its native clime
And soars on wings of faith sublime
Back to the country of its birth,
Where, done with exile, fain 'twould rest,
Among the gardens of the Blest.

The paths of pain that we pursue
Are dark, but if we trust God's love,
As swallows to their instincts true
Sail the illimitable blue,
We'll win at length the land above,
Where the sweet springs of Mercy rise
Amid the palms of Paradise.

SAINT NATHY'S LAND.

Saint Nathy's land is far across the sea,
An old gray land of murmuring lakes and streams.
No more, no more, Saint Nathy's land for me,
Save when I find it in the hour of dreams.

That sainted land I loved in days of old,
Its windy woods, its meadows sweet and green;
The gorse that lit its fields with fairy gold,
Its hills empurpled with the heather's sheen.

How often there, in childhood's April hours,
Where on its green hill stood the convent gray,
Like angel voices chanting in its towers,
I heard the sweet bells call the town to pray!

How oft I listened to Glen Arlar's thrush,
In careless joy untroubled by a tear;
When happy fairies haunted every bush,
And to the boy's heart heaven seemed very near!

Kind folk were there, the simple and the true,
Large-hearted welcome, hospitable mirth;
Ah, many a heart sleeps under Irish dew
Since I for exile left my father's hearth.

The sunset fades along Saint Patrick's towers,
  December's dusk empurples square and street;
Afar, afar from old Saint Nathy's bowers
  I range them yet in fancy's musing sweet.

But oh, when March winds wake the marigold,
  How joyous 'twere to roam by Nathy's streams;
And oh, to be the blithe-heart boy of old,
  Ere life brought disillusion of my dreams!

BETHLEHEM.

What have we here? A manger, cold and bleak,
A new-born child, a gray-beard artisan,
Dumb oxen and a village maiden meek.
But Heaven's High King breathes in the flesh of man,
And the great Mind that made the stars and skies
Looks from the wonder of a baby's eyes.

The hand that out of chaos fashioned earth
Clings helplessly unto a woman's breast;
Godhead disguised in veils of human birth,
Whom angels tend to do His high behest.
Incarnate Love, past thought to comprehend!
Frail hands that yet the cruel nails shall rend!

Divinely chosen, all earth's maids above,
To Calvary to train God's footsteps weak,
Sweet Mary! teach us by thy mother's love
To walk with Him in spirit pure and meek.
Our sins it was that earthward drew Him down,
O win for us redemption's heavenly crown!

CHRIST WITH US.

"Had we in Bethlehem been, when Mary came
For shelter from the storm," we muse in pity,
"Our homes had not been shut to her in shame,
She had not been an outcast from the city."

"She had not passed forsaken and forlorn
From kindred doors, an exile and a stranger;
Her Babe in royal purple had been born,
Nor lain among the oxen in the manger."

"On bended knees had many a worshipper
On Christ, the King, in loyal love attended;
And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh
And frankincense, and gold, and jewels splendid."

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,
For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,
And we—we only, like the blind of yore,
Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asketh us for alms,
He pines upon the threshold of the palace.
We know Him not, but scorn His outstretched palms,
And, while He hungers, drink of plenty's chalice.

Daily we meet Him, seeking mercy sweet,
With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful.
He haunts us in the starveling of the street,
Among the sad, the tearful, and the tristful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,
And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother
Had turned of old the Saviour from his door,
And barred his gates upon His maiden Mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,
For Christ's sweet sake to whoso needeth given,
Will yield us gain of grace a hundred-fold,
With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

WINTER.

Naked as is the wintry wood,
My soul is in her wintry mood,
Like leaves the cold wind whirleth by
My withered hopes around me lie.

Gone is the bird whose golden tune
Once in my heart made golden June;
Then all my heart was as a rose
In loveliness of joy that grows.

The wood will take new leaf in spring,
But hope's new leaf can April bring?
When April eves begin to burn
Will love, my singing-bird, return?

LOVE'S GIFT.

From thy dear eyes to win one sunny smile,
Whose gleam might ransom worlds of wealth untold,
Before thy feet his realm a king might pile,
By Midas-touch transmuted into gold.

Ah, poor of purse, in vain I seek one gift
Of fitting worth my fealty to prove;
I cannot find one pearl in all my thrift
To pay the priceless treasure of thy love.

But as beneath the jeweler's cunning art
The carven stone becomes the costly gem,
With lustre rare and incandescent heart
To sparkle on a sovran's diadem;

So, day by day made perfect, I would fain
Lay at thy feet a flawless life of good,
Love's richest gift; to wear it thou might'st deign,
O, first and fairest flower of womanhood!

ADRIFT.

The sunset burns above,
  The river burns below;
Adrift together, love,
  Mid-heaven we seem to go.
My pilot stars thine eyes,
  Upon a golden tide
I drift away to Paradise
  With thee, sweetheart, beside.

Like rubies, flake on flake
  Drips from the drifting oar;
The golden ripples break
  Upon a golden shore.
A golden moon above
  And golden stars that shine,
And in thine eyes the light of love,
  A golden world is mine.

What matter if the gleam
  Shall melt from wave and sky?
We've dreamed love's golden dream
  Together, you and I.
Here where our fond lips meet,
  Within thy darling eyes
My heart hath found, O dear and sweet,
  Its golden Paradise.

THE VESPERS OF THE SLAIN.

A. D. 1580

In gray Cistercian robe and cowl, his feet with sandals shod,
To shrive a dying sinner's soul, went Conal, priest of God;
He went and left afar behind, 'mid garths of golden corn,
St. Mary's abbey-towers, whose bells with music filled the morn.

His heart was sore within his breast, his head in grief was bowed.
"Lord Jesu, save my little lambs!" he wept and prayed aloud;
"Oh, save them from the Saxon wolves that range our land at large,
And break into Thy fold and slay the shepherd and his charge."

He scarce had gone a league when to St. Mary's gates there rode
A kern—beflecked with foam the frothing charger he bestrode—
With white lips crying, where the monks were singing in their stalls,
"Fly, fly! The Saxon soldiery are hard by Nenagh's walls!"

Then spoke old abbot Brendan—his voice was firm
and calm—
"Now God be praised, that in mine age He sends the
martyr's palm!
Fly, ye who will! but here within the sanctuary I'll
abide,
Content to suffer for the sake of Christ the crucified!'

Not one arose to quit the choir of all the brethren
there,
But, clustering 'round the altar, knelt in softly-mur-
mured prayer;
While, thundering on the abbey gates, the Saxon
soldiers came
With curse and yell, and crypt and cell flashed into
lurid flame.

The doors have yielded to the axe; they've gained the
abbey church;
They've torn our Lady's statue down and given it to
the torch.
The abbot Brendan's on his face, a sword hath cleft
his head;
The monks are slain, the altar-steps with blood are
running red.

Before the altar foot they lie, a ghastly, butchered pile,
While to the Saxons' ribald shouts ring vaulted roof and aisle.
And there is weeping of the wife and wail of ravished bride,
As out of Nenagh's plundered town the red marauders ride.

But heavy-hearted o'er the fields the young monk Conal came,
And through the golden gloaming marked the devastating flame,
And smote his breast and sobbed aloud: "Thy will be done, O Lord!"
And gained the church and saw the bloody havoc of the sword.

He kissed the abbot Brendan's wounds, he kissed his brethren all,
While to the floor, like April rain, his bitter tears did fall.
And at our Lady's broken niche he groaned on bended knee:
"Oh, woe! that such a sacrilege within thy walls should be!"

"No more in this thy ruined shrine we'll keep thy
harvest feast,
With psaltery and organ-peal and chant of holy priest.
No more at matin or at eve shall vesper be or psalm;
Yet, God be praised! my brethren all have won the
martyrs' palm!"

But what is this that greets his eyes? The chimes
begin to ring.
He sees the murdered monks arise; he hears them
chant and sing.
The steeple rocks unto the bells, the pealing organ
plays,
The solemn anthem round him swells, the altar tapers
blaze.

He marks the halo on each brow, in every hand the
palm;
But sweeter notes salute him now and swell the vesper
psalm.
Angelic voices echo unto heavenly harp and lyre
The deep-toned *Magnificat* that thrills the martyr-
choir.

And—oh, the sight!—in blinding light, with face of
beauty mild,
Amid the band he sees her stand, the Mother with
her Child—

The Virgin Mother of our Lord—her voice is low and sweet.
He veils his eyes, in ecstasy he falleth at her feet.

The chant is o'er, the martyred monks have sung their last *Amen!*
The music fades upon his ear, the vision from his ken;
But far, afar, 'mid moon and star still echo harp and lyre,
While silent darkness settles down on cloister and on choir.

The silent darkness settles down and leaves him with the slain,
No light save where the moonlight falls upon the ruby pane,
The ruby pane whose blazonry of saint and cherubim
Doth weave a nimbus for the dead beside the altar dim.

"O Jesu! Lord! the sainted dead within Thy love are safe!"
The young monk Conal kneels and prays, "but unto me vouchsafe,
That death may join me to my freres, who bear the martyrs' palm,
When life is run, before Thy throne to sing the victor's psalm."

MAY EVE.

'Tis the last of April,
All the land is green:
Fill the pail and rake the hearth,
And sweep the cottage clean;
Rowan tree and sally
Twine around the door,
Blossoms of the valley
Scatter on the floor.
Buttercups and daisies
Scatter on the floor;
Evil cannot pass them
At our cottage door.
May the Virgin Mary
And her little Son
From the spell of fairy
Shield us, every one!

'Ware of how you wander
Where the haunted path
In the meadow yonder
Winds around the rath.
Little steeds a-prancing,
Cloaks of red and blue,
Fairy folk are dancing
There among the dew.

Buttercups and daisies
Scatter on the floor;
Evil cannot pass them
At the cottage door.
May the Virgin Mary
And her little Son
From the spell of fairy
Shield us, every one!

After sunset linger
Not in Lisheen's fort;
There the fairy finger
Decks the fairies' court.
Shemus Rua slept there
'Neath the fairy thorn:
Hale he was at "Angelus,"
Hunchback in the morn.
Buttercups and daisies
Scatter on the floor;
Evil cannot pass them
At the cottage door.
May the Virgin Mary
And her little Son
From the spell of fairy
Shield us, every one!

Darling's in the cradle,
  Lullaby, asthore!
Phooka, fay, or leprechaun
  Cannot cross our door.
Fire and holy water,
  Elements of power,
Shield my little daughter
  In this witching hour.
    Buttercups and daisies
      Scatter on the floor;
    Evil cannot pass them
      At our cottage door.
    May the Virgin Mary
      And her little Son
    From the spell of fairy
      Shield us, every one!

Is the fever burning
  On your baby's brow?
Do you miss in churning
  Butter from the cow?
Bind the garden sally
  Up above the door,
Blossoms of the valley
  Scatter on the floor.

Buttercups and daisies
  Scatter on the floor;
Evil cannot pass them
  At the cottage door.
May the Virgin Mary
  And her little Son
From the spell of fairy
  Shield us, every one!

THE OLD BOREEN.

Beneath the furnace-heat of noon
  The fervid city burns like brass—
Oh, for a country day of June,
  Amid the buttercups and grass!
But lo! the breath of violets sweet
  Salutes me from the vender's hand,
And sudden, with enchanted feet,
  I'm wandering in fairyland.

The stately homes of traffic fade,
  The houses blossom into trees;
The roar of mart and throb of trade
  Are symphonies of birds and bees.
Subsides the thunder of the town,
  And hand in hand with fancy, lo!
A blithe-heart boy I wander down
  The old boreen of long ago.

A-many a footstep there is heard—
  Slow cattle watched by whistling boys,
That from its nest the brooding bird
  Affright with rude, intrusive noise;
Or, when o'morns the mowers blithe
  Come trudging from the neighb'ring farms,
O'er shoulders strong the clanging scythe,
  Their coats flung loosely on their arms.

Or it may be, with panniers twain
Full of brown peat, a donkey jogs,
Led leisurely by barefoot swain,
Loitering homeward from the bogs;
Or singing, with her pail of milk
At eve will trip some village girl,
A crimson kerchief of the silk
O'er roguish eye and raven curl.

Or laden with the fragrant hay,
To plodding horse and clacking wheel,
Here some all-golden harvest day
The farmer's cart will slowly steal;
Or when the chapel-bell to Mass
Summons the folk on Sunday morn,
Here townward will the peasant pass
With grave debate of rent and corn.

Dear lotus-land of long ago,
Sweet, lost elysium, I'd give
Whate'er of best life's triumphs show
One golden hour to there relive.
Ah city Sybarite! the town
Can never teach her child the joy
He feels, who heart-free wanders down
The old boreen, a blithe-heart boy.

LULLABY.

Lullaby, little one! linnets are sleeping
In the green heart of the sycamore tree;
Smile in thy sleep while thy mother is weeping,
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! spring and the swallow
Hasten them hither from over the sea,
Maybe a fonder one later may follow
Home to my darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! over the billow
Ne'er will my warrior hasten to me;
Weird is the wail of the shivering willow
By the wan river, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! deep in the meadow
Fairies are ringing their blue bells for thee;
Mother is sobbing in sorrow and shadow,
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! soon will the sorrow
Dawn on thy heart in its innocence free;
Wailing will come with the bitter to-morrow,
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! crooneth the river,
Winds whistle down by the sorrowing sea;
Warriors battle, but father will never
Come to my darling, asthoreen machree.

L. of C.

BRIAN BWEE.

The fair was over, the folk were flown,
Brian Bwee walked home alone;
Over the fields he followed the path,
That winds away to the haunted rath.

Over the fields his way he kept,
There in the moated rath he slept,
Under the lonely fairy-thorn
Such a sleep as he slept till morn!

Deep he lay in a dreamy bed,
Downy pillows beneath his head.
Round and round on magical feet
Flew the fairies to fiddles sweet.

Wrinkled witches, old wizened chaps,
Scarlet mantles and crimson caps,
Silver buckles on tiny brogues,
Such a laughter of little rogues!

Round and round while the pipers played,
In and out, little man and maid,
Golden tresses and kirtles green,
Clown and courtier, and king and queen.

Up the middle and down again,
Here and there to the witching strain,
All night long, till the village cock
Crowed at half-past three o'clock.

One, two, three!—and the weird spell broke;
Brian Bwee from his sleep awoke,
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe,
With the feet of the fairies black and blue.

Now in his chimney hob he sits,
Robbed, they say, of his five wits,
Old and feeble and sorry and sore,
And he hears the music for evermore.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

A Connaught Tradition.

There was no sound throughout the house,
  Either by rafter or by floor,
No sound at all, save of the mouse
  That screeched behind the cupboard door.
The mother in her grave did lie,
  Under the shamrocks on the hill;
Her two-weeks' babe began to cry
  At dead of night, when all was still.

Was that a footstep on the stair?
  The cross of Christ defend us all!
Who comes with dew-drift on her hair,
  Clothed, head to foot, in funeral pall?
O, Jesu! sad her face and sweet!
  But, where the moonlight soft did fall
Athwart the casement at her feet,
  She made no shadow on the wall.

The filmy shroud that folded her
  From throat to foot was white as milk;
Her girdle was as gossamer
  Woven of shuttle of the silk.

Her lover slept, she leaned o'er him
And kissed his dreaming tears away,
Then paused, a spectral shadow dim,
Where, cradled soft, her baby lay.

She took the wee babe from its nest,
She soothed it with a lullaby,
And at the fountain of her breast
She eased its bitter hunger cry.
"O baby, baby! do not weep,
Your crying reached me in the clay.
Alanna! how can mother sleep,
With baby wailing far away!"

The village dog begins to bark,
The convent chime tolls three o'clock;
The dawn is breaking red, and, hark!
In distant farms crows loud the cock.
She turns and lingers, fain to stay,
She steals from cradle and from bed.
Unto the hill she must away—
May Christ have mercy on the dead!

THE CRY OF THE GAEL.

O sons and daughters of the Gael!
I heard your voices in my sleep;
I heard your broken-hearted wail
Surge upward from the world's wide deep.
The dirges of your scattered hosts
Came on the winds from many lands,
Lamenting for your Erin's coasts
With bleeding hearts and lifted hands.

I wake; that chant is in mine ears,
That anguished litany of woe;
Mine eyes are blind with burning tears
That for my land's affliction flow!
And as the shell with fairy tongue
Far inland mourns its native foam,
My heart on shores of exile flung
Sobs, yearning to its island home.

And thou, Beloved, making moan
Beside the brink of Time's dim sea!
Sweet Mary of the nations, prone
Upon thy centuried Calvary!
Sad mother, crouching 'neath the cross!
Look up! Thy Saviour hangs above;
And through the darkness of thy loss
Shines out the purpose of His love.

His heralds predilect, thy sons
  Subdue the nations to His word.
They go not with the conqueror's guns
  Nor smite they with the tyrant's sword.
Not theirs the lust of gold or greed
  Of power to shackle and enslave,
But with the lamp of faith to lead
  Men upward to the truths that save.

Despair not! Grosser minds may grope
  Amid the spoils of mart and mine.
Thine is the realm of light and hope,
  The empery of love divine.
Where'er thy children's feet have trod
  Their stately sanctuaries rise,
And round the world ascends to God
  The incense of their sacrifice.

The nations drawn from darkness bless
  Thee, sad, discrowned and desolate;
But for earth's tyrants who oppress
  They drug the chalice of their hate.
For Christ of crown and sceptre shorn!
  E'en now the clouds are backward rolled,
And lo! Thy glad Assumption morn
  Resplendent dawns in skies of gold.

THE DREAM-TRYST.

When purple shadows fold the earth
  And starry silence sits supreme,
When chirps the cricket on the hearth,
  And o'er the world walks forth the dream;
Her sad eyes touched with feeling deep,
  Comes Memory and sits beside,
And all the ghostly land of sleep
  With thy dear face is sanctified.

I range with thee the shadows dim,
  And drink of joy a little space—
Such joy as feel the seraphim
  Before Our Blessed Lady's face.
A little space, a heavenly while
  'Twixt dark and dawn, thou art mine own,
Mine wholly; but thy blessed smile
  Fades at the light and leaves me lone.

Ah, welcome night, that bringeth sleep!
  Beloved sleep, that brings the dream!
How sweet it were that tryst to keep
  Forever by sad Lethe's stream!
Come, purple shadows of the dusk,
  Come poppied sleep from starry space,
And when the woodbine breathes its musk
  To-night, oh bring me back her face!

MY SAINT.

Madonna—ah, that it were mine to paint
Her worth in words that compass praise—my saint,
Divinely dowered with beauty, at whose feet
My heart adoring mounts in worship sweet!
  Before the benediction of her face
Spontaneous blooms whate'er is best of good,
  Unconscious she with what unconscious grace
She wears the jeweled crown of womanhood.

Of earth, yet bright with heaven's aureole,
Before the virgin Eden of her soul
Reserve's bright angel stands to warn afar
Whatever thoughts of her unworthy are.
Nor can things base abide the scorching light
Of her ethereal spirit's splendor white.
And, like to lilies, 'neath her quickening eyes
Along her path pure aspirations rise.
So, veiled in sweet humility, she lives,
Unwitting all of all the joy she gives.

Her eager thoughts like couriers bright outrun
Her hand that findeth joy in kindness done.
And winged wishes dove-like round her move
To do her little ministries of love.
For 'tis her pleasure round about her feet
  In spendthrift mood to scatter wide the seeds

Of graciousness that make the rude world sweet
With lilied joy and rose of gentle deeds.
Nor knoweth she that masked in her mild mien
An angel walks, of her sweet self unseen.

No garish bloom in life's gay garden set,
My shy, sweet flower of winsome womanhood;
She blossoms like the lowly violet
In dryad solitude of some dim wood.
She woos not adulation like the rose,
Nor flattery with the tulip's wanton tints,
Yet never wind by her green cloister goes
But by its sweetness of her presence hints.

High-privileged who doth her favor win
And to her heart's dear shrine doth enter in;
His sordid self consumed by holy fire,
To purer realms his spirit doth aspire.
His nobler heart ignoble purpose spurns,
And with diviner flame his being burns.

Thrice blest am I since she hath on me laid
With touch ennobling love's dear accolade;
Supremely rich who hold from Heaven above
The priceless jewel of my lady's love.
Unworthy, God! of such dear gift, O grant
I ne'er unto Thy trust be recreant,
But guard it well with reverential awe
In faultless faith and honor without flaw.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE CELT.

Sweet Erin, long in sorrow bowed,
  Exult and lift thy drooping head!
The trumpets of the West are loud
  To-day with praises of thy dead
Who sleep with Freedom's stars for shroud,
  With glory's laurels garlanded.

Poor wanderer from thy distant isle,
  See where thine exile lies to-day,
Shot down in Freedom's foremost file
  Where flamed the lightnings of the fray,
Upon his dying lips the smile
  That blessed thee, mother! far away.

Their doom is thus since time began:
  The children of thy gallant race
Have ever led the battle's van,
  Have forward set their eager face,
Have ever for their brother man
  In danger's gap held honored place.

Oh, bitter, bitter is thy loss,
  Gray mourner by the golden sea!
They fell in field and fort and fosse
  For others; thee they might not free!
God rest them, where 'neath stone or cross
  Their lonely burial places be!

More dear, perhaps, an Irish grave
With shamrocks swathed from head to feet;
But in the sod where comrades brave
Have hollowed him his winding sheet,
Who died to free his fellow slave
His slumber April will make sweet.

Beneath the palm tree let him rest
Where o'er him moans the tropic dove!
His soul is happy with the blest
Who wear God's amaranths above,
His body lieth in the west,
But thou, sweet Erin, hast his love!

The above lines were suggested by the report of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, who, commissioned by President McKinley to identify the graves of the American dead on the battlefield of San Juan in Cuba, found that the nearest grave to the Spanish lines was that of Michael Daly, a private of the Seventy-first New York Regiment. "An Irishman by birth, an American by adoption," said the rude cross that his comrades had made on his grave from an old biscuit box.

THE TEST.

Three singers, met together, strove
  For mastery. "Who singeth best
Of passion, prowess, faith or love,
  The richest recompense shall test!"

One struck his harp and clear and loud
  He sang a song of battle bold.
A sunburnt soldier in the crowd
  Flung high his hat and gave him gold.

The second sang a soothing song
  Of love in accents sweet and wild.
A lover, listening in the throng,
  Hung breathless on his harp and smiled.

A song of faith deceived the third
  Sang low, and, as his chords he swept,
A broken-hearted woman heard,
  And tears of tender pity wept.

Then said the other twain: "Behold!
  The latest singer singeth best;
For guerdon we have smiles and gold,
  But he hath woman's tears for test!"

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-1901.

God give them rest, in duty's van who died!
No more for them by Irish lake or rill
Shall flame the gold torch of the daffodill.
No more for them where Irish rivers glide
Shall kingcups blossom, or the primrose pied
Star Irish glen when over Irish hill
Green Ireland's throstle flutes at evening still
And May her hawthorn wreath wears like a bride.

Sad hearts there be in many an Irish field
At orphan'd hearths with tears of pride shall tell
How staunch they stood when battle thunders pealed,
With what heroic constancy they fell,
Their boast sublime: "We kept dear Honor's shield
Unsullied and we did our duty well!"

ROCHAMBEAU.

Despairing 'neath the foot of despot Might
Our country lay, her glorious cause undone.
France heard her moan and sent her gallant son.
He raised anew the banner of the right,
His oriflamme beside it blazing bright.
His falchion flashed o'er fields for Freedom won;
Peace smiled and with God-given Washington
Linked in our love Rochambeau, Freedom's knight.

No need has he of monumental bronze
His golden claim of gratitude to plead.
No sculptured marble can his fame enhance.
His deathless deeds defy oblivion's
Erasive hand. In them let all men read
The debt we owe his generous mother, France.

GETTYSBURG.

The violet blows, and hark! in yonder wood
  The robin flutes his pensive roundelay,
  Hard by, whereon that fateful summer day
Rock-like in strength the country's lovers stood,
Stemming the tide of battle at its flood.
  And lo! where, spent and broken, ebbed away
  The last long billows of the sea of Gray,
The wild rose blossoms red from patriot blood.

God rest their souls! Heartache or scalding tears
  We grudge them not, nor rain of weeping eyes,
  If, haply quickened from their fruitful seed
Blood-sown, shall burgeon in the coming years,
  In hour of need—should any need arise—
  For freedom such another warrior breed.

POTTER'S FIELD.

Poor outcasts! In this sad, secluded spot,
  Unknown, unnamed, unepitaphed they lie,
  At rest beneath God's hospitable sky
Who to the dregs have drained life's bitter lot.
Forgot of men, them June forgetteth not,
  But keepeth aye in reverent memory,
  And, pausing as her gracious feet go by,
With wild flowers heaps their lonely burial plot.

Earth's proudest monarchs have no more than they—
  Peace after strife, oblivion and dust
  With spring's impartial blossoms strewn above.
All journey to death's caravanserai;
  But well for whoso lieth down, in trust
  To wake and find a Father's tender love.

INSPIRATION.

An organ thrilling in cathedral glooms,
  A song chance-heard, a robin's roundelay,
  A kiss, a clasp of hands, a sprig of spray,
A sudden waft of meadow-land perfumes,
An old name graven in a place of tombs,
  In winter-land a flower of spring astray,
  A face remembered after many a day,
A bridal bell, a funeral with plumes:

Trifles, you say? But in the poet's heart
  They set strange rhymes a-ringing, till, behold!
  Well hewn beneath the master's cunning hand,
Touch unto touch and perfect part to part,
  Finer than Phidian stone or statued gold,
  His gradual-shapen dreams of beauty stand!

MIRIAM.

Oft as I see her pace the busy street
Or rainbow-gay bazaar, her raven hair
A rippling darkness over shoulders fair,
With downcast eyes and smile demurely sweet,
Purity's self with dainty-slippered feet
Thridding the market like a silent prayer,
Or guerdoning with sweetly solemn air
The grave salaam of reverent eyes that greet,

I call to mind that maiden of her race,
Immaculate, unblemished, free of sin.
E'en so, methinks, went Mary to and fro;
E'en so she walked with hallowing steps of grace,
Favored of God amid her kith and kin,
In that blest Nazareth of long ago.

LOVE'S SWEET PETITIONER.

Close-cloistered in the virgin solitude
  Of her pure heart such maiden thoughts abide
  (Like vestals meek in convent sanctified,)
That word of mine too wanton were and rude
Within its precinct holy to intrude.
  So Love pines, dumbfound, at her door, denied
  By blushes that with mute reproaches chide
The words that fain its worship would denude.

But thou knowest all, O little violet,
  I send to be Love's sweet petitioner;
Perchance in her soft bosom to be set,
  And, there emparadised upon the stir
Of her dear heart or in her loose hair's jet,
  To whisper all that I would fain to her.

PAN OR CHRIST?

I.

Great Pan is dead, and Nature's heart is sore.
Great Pan is dead, and fauns lamenting weep;
The dryads in salt tears their tresses steep
And nymphs complain by Cytherea's shore.
On mellow reeds Sicilian lads no more
Shall hear him pipe unto their browsing sheep,
Nor bronzed reapers startle him asleep
Where poppied wheat his slumber whispers o'er.

Great Pan is dead! Ah, foolish we, who voice
The shrill despair that shook the pagan world,
When Athens bent to lowly Bethlehem!
Nay, rather should our ransomed race rejoice
That demon gods to hell were downward hurled
When Love's foot trampled Hatred's diadem.

II.

Great Pan is dead! laments the sensual lute
That fain would echo gross Hellenic loves,
Or thrill with Juno's worship or with Jove's,
And deify in man the satyr brute.
Great Pan is dead, and laughter's lips are mute
For Aphrodite and her silver doves!
Ah, carnal crowd! that in Circean groves
To David's harp prefers the Doric flute!

The gods Olympian of old Greece are gone;
Their graven marbles moulder in the dust.
But Christ hath builded in the Christian heart
A statelier shrine than templed Parthenon.
There Beauty dwells and art sublimed o'er lust
Pays homage due—true end of noblest art.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. STEPHEN JOSEPH PERRY, S.J., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.

(DIED OFF THE ISLE OF SALUT IN H. M. S. *Comus,* DEC. 27, 1889, WHILE IN CHARGE OF THE BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO OBSERVE THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, DEC. 22, 1889.)

Dead! and he lieth not in English land,
With English blossom garlanding his rest,
Soothed by the low sweet requiem of the west.
But alien waves lament on alien strand
The gentle sage of great Loyola's band.
Yet death to him was sweet at duty's 'hest,
And aye he deemed the Master's will the best,
So passed in peace, with crucifix in hand.

Now April, with the primrose in her hair,
Breathes verdure over all his English North.
The chaffinch chirpeth vainly in the croft
For him who found God's every creature fair.
Ah, bird and bloom! the Master has gone forth
By starry pathways to his home aloft.

IRELAND.

1902.

I.

Discrowned, despoiled, for Christ accounted vile;
For Christ's sweet sake of liberty bereft;
Mocked, scourged, thy heart like Christ's with sorrow cleft;
No wanton favorite of fortune's smile,
Still Honor bides with thee, O martyr isle!
Else ravished by red hands of robber theft.
Yea, in thy heart to Honor still is left
A sanctuary and a domicile!

The nations slumber, lethargied in greed,
Ignobly mute while murder's dagger drips
With patriot blood and Freedom's heart is rent
Where Africa's stanch-hearted burghers bleed.
But, hark! God's thunder, pealing from thy lips
For justice, shakes the tyrant's Parliament.

II.

Sole champion thou and witness of the right,
Thy generous heart sublimed o'er selfish aim
Alone redeems humanity from shame.
The torch of truth by thee uplifted bright

Burns star-like in our gross, material night.
Thou vestal art of freedom's altar-flame,
And proudly thou in fair unblemished fame
Dost keep unsoiled thy robe's baptismal white.

Oh, rich at last shall be thy faith's reward,
The guerdon of thy loyalty and love.
Though God's decrees are dark to mortal ken
For thee endures the promise of the Lord:
Who Me denies shall be denied Above;
Confessed who Me confesses before men.

"*When it was intimated to them (the Irish Parliamentary Party) that they had but to uphold the war in South Africa and all their demands for their own country would be granted, there was never a grander spectacle presented to the world than the refusal of these Irish patriots to get justice at the price of doing injustice to others. Even the bravery of the Boers does not equal such bravery. They value liberty, but they value it so highly that they would not purchase it at the price of destroying the liberty of others. England could send policemen to drag them from their seats in the House of Parliament, but they could not drag them from their devotion to civilization.*"—Hon. Wm. Bourke Cockran, *in the New York Academy of Music, Feb. 16, 1902.*

THE BRIDAL OF MICHAELMAS EVE.

In Dublin burg by Dublin bay
The ruthless Sitric reigns;
The haughty lords of Leinster pay
Him tribute of their plains.

A thousand vikings throng his deck,
A thousand ply the sword;
A thousand berserks do his beck
From Norland firth and fiord.

Oh, woe for Wales, when on her coasts
His raven flag appears!
And woe for Britain when his hosts
Are out with reddened spears!

The plunder of a thousand shrines
Is in his galley's hold;
His keels are crammed with Gascon wines,
His coffers clogged with gold.

Iona rues his robber bark,
And rifled church and fane
The passage of his pillage mark
From Thulè unto Spain.

And there is fear in fort and fosse
By Scotland's sunset seas,
When burst his pirate prows across
The stormy Hebrides.

But dearer far than all his ships
From Shetland to the South
To him are Lady Blanid's lips,
The blossom of her mouth—

The mouth of Blanid, young and fair,
The child of Malachi;
The virgin lily of the mere
Is not more pure than she.

Her hair is like the golden fern,
Her throat the torrent's spray;
Her eyes are like the mountain tarn,
So deep and dark are they.

And Sitric he hath sworn, alas!
By Wodin and by Thor
To wed the maid ere Michaelmas,
Or plunge her plains in war.

And to her bower on foaming barb
Hath galloped Sitric's thrall,
And bade the maid in bridal garb
Attend the tyrant's hall.

And in her train a hundred girls,
The flower of beauty sweet,
To wed a hundred Norland earls,
The captains of his fleet.

St. Michael's Eve! In Sitric's tower
The revel roareth high;
But there is woe in Blanid's bower,
A tear in Blanid's eye.

"Now save me, by our plighted troth!"
She prays the prince of Meath.
And he hath thrust in reddest wrath
A dagger in its sheath.

And all in bridal robes arrayed,
With brooch and torque and pearl,
In shrewd disguise of timid maid,
Hath gone to meet the Earl.

A hundred youths as damsels drest,
The comeliest in the land,
Each with a dagger in his breast,
Have hied them in his band.

"Oh great Archangel militant!"
To Michael thus they pray,
"The strength of God unto us grant
To strike at wrong to-day!"

"Our shrines and hearths are brought to shame
  Beneath the tyrant's lust.
Dishonored damosel and dame
  Weep with their heads in dust!"

The feast is set; the goblets shine;
  In jeweled horn and cup
The mead is bubbling, and the wine
  Brims every beaker up.

The mighty wassail fires his brain:
  Earl Sitric in his pride
Hath bade his bards begin a strain
  Of welcome to his bride.

"Our Norland maids are fresh and sweet,
  But who hath Blanid's charms?"
Earl Sitric leapeth from his seat
  To clasp her in his arms.

Earl Sitric leapeth in his lust
  To clasp the Prince of Meath—
In his black heart the dagger's thrust
  Hath found a bloody sheath.

The rafters ring with shriek and yell,
  The tables rock and reel.
'Gainst Danish mail the hate of hell
  Doth ply the Irish steel!

The wine is spilt, the banquet hall
With blood is reeking red.
The bridal is a burial
With none to mourn the dead.

In Dublin burg by Liffey side
The bells at morn ring loud:
The Prince of Meath hath won a bride,
Earl Sitric but a shroud.

HOMEWARD.

When in infant bud
  Lay life's flower unfolden,
Thou, O Lord! of good
  Gifts didst give me golden.

Placed his heart in mine—
  Gift exceeding measure,
Dowery divine
  Of Thy Godhead's treasure.

Now from out my hand
  Love that Thou hast lended
Straightway to demand
  Comes Thine angel splendid.

Hark! his awful tread,
  And his pinions trailing!
See! his aureoled head
  Lights the house of wailing!

'Tis mine hour of dole;
  Pity me, O Mary!
On his trembling soul
  Jesu Miserere!

If I draw grief's breath,
I am only human.
Reconciled to death
Ne'er was man or woman.

Never fled above
Soul from fond soul grieving
But rebellious love
Questioned the bereaving.

Death's bright angel yet
Never summoned mortal,
But some eye was wet
At the grave's dark portal.

Home, if home he must,
Home to Thee, O Father!
From his sacred dust
Lilies shall we gather.

From the dust we love
Faith and Hope upspringing,
Lift our hearts above,
Comfort to us bringing.

Gentle was my dear,
Soul of stainless splendor;
Therefore, all the year
Tend him, all things tender!

Yea, for sure I know
  Where his dust reposes
Violets will blow
  And the summer's roses.

There shall April come
  To her gentle lover,
And the gold bees hum
  Where the flowers bend over.

Close to him shall creep
  Crickets in the grasses,
Singing to his sleep
  Golden midnight masses.

And in heaven above
  Larks shall warble o'er him:
"Safe with Christ, our Love,
  Weep not nor deplore him!"

KATHERINE TEGAKWITA—THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS.

1656-1680.

By pagan passions undefiled,
The stainless lily of her race,
Amid the Mohawk's sylvan wild
Bloomed Katherine, the flower of grace.
Than she no sweeter blossom breathes
Its odor on the winds of spring;
Meet for the coronal that wreathes
The royal brows of Christ, the King.

Hushed is the war-whoop of the brave,
His conquerors tread the trails he knew;
No more upon the Mohawk's wave
Sweeps battleward his swift canoe,
But 'mid wild rose and goldenrod,
In paths that knew her virgin feet,
The fragrance of the Flower of God
Still haunts the forest, heavenly sweet.

As pure as is the lucent pearl
That lurks beneath the purple tide,
Christ saw and loved the Indian girl
And chose her for His heavenly bride.
For high espousals set apart,
Betrothed by privilege divine,
She nestles on her Bridegroom's heart,
Where round His throne the seraphs shine.

MAY 1 1903

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